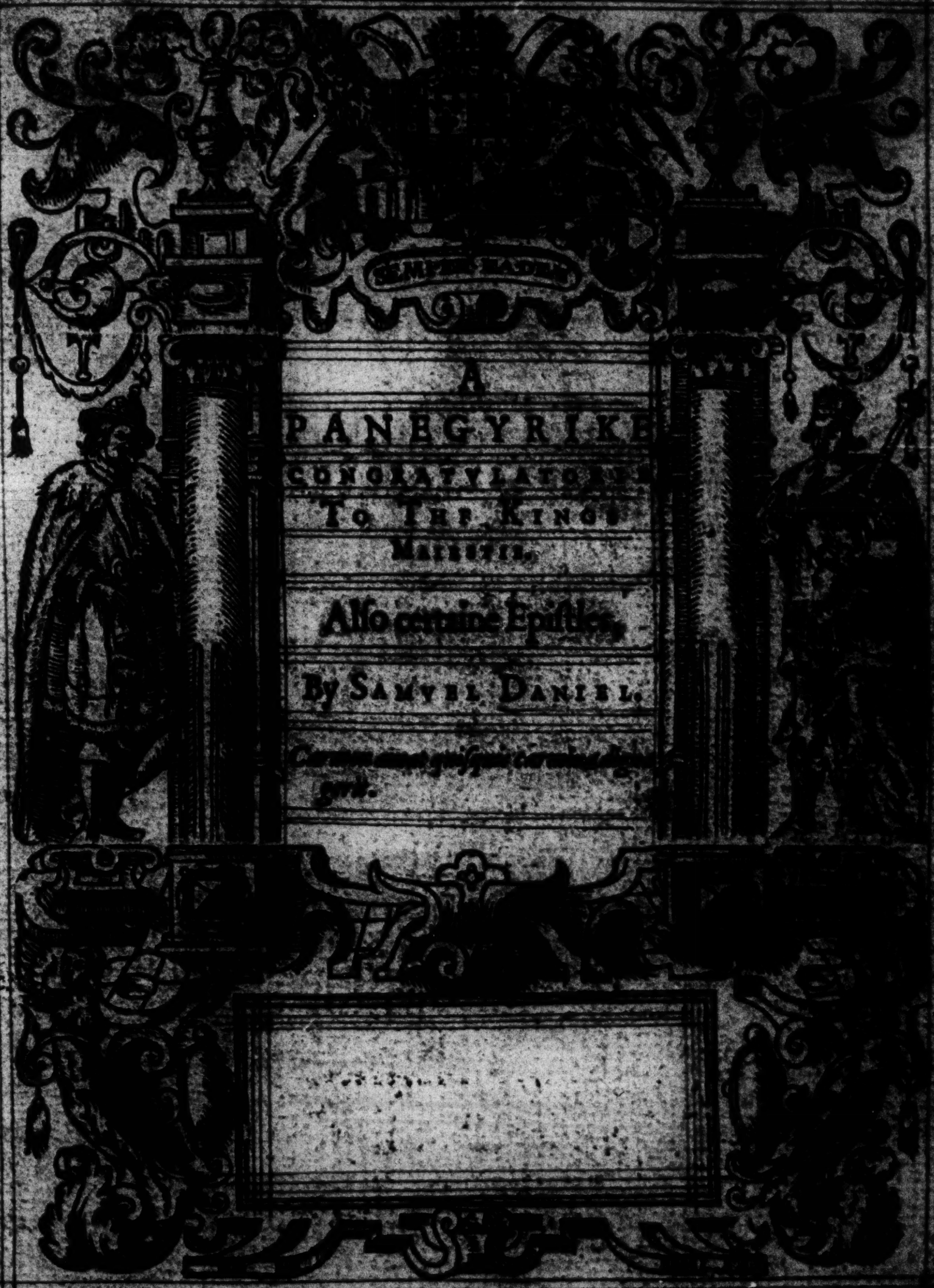
SEMPER EADEM
A
PANEGYRIKE
CONGRATVLATORY
To The Kings
Maiestie.
Also certaine Epistles.
By SAMVEL DANIEL.
Cum nemo satis gratus, cui nimium datum
erit.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE TO HIS MAIESTIE

1

HEre here the glory of a greater day
Then *England* euer heretofore could see
In all her dayes. When she did most display
The Ensignes of her powre, or whenas she
Did spread herselfe the most, and most did sway
Her state abroad, yet could she neuer be
Thus blest at home, nor euer come to grow
To be intire in her full Orbe till now.

2

And now she is, and now in peace therefore
Shake hands with Vnion, O thou mightie State,
Now thou art all great *Brittaine*, and no more,
No Scot, no English now, nor no debate:
No Borders but the Ocean, and the Shore,
No wall of *Adrian* serues to seperate
Our mutuall loue, nor our obedience,
All Subiects now to one imperiall Prince.

3

What heretofore could neuer yet be wrought,
By all the swords of powre, by blood, by fire,
By ruine, and destruction, here is brought
To passe, with peace, with loue, with ioy desire:
Our former blessed vnion hath begot
A greater vnion that is more intire,
And makes vs more our selues, sets vs at one
With Nature that ordain'd vs to be one.

A PANEGYRIKE

Glory of men, this hast thou brought to vs,
And yet hast brought vs more than this by farre:
Religion comes with thee, peace, righteoulnes,
Iudgement and Iuſtice, which more glorious are
Then all thy Kingdomes, and arte more by this,
Then Lord and Souraigne, more than Emperor
Ouer the hearts of men that let thee in
To more, than all the powres on Earth can win.

5

God makes thee King of our eſtates, but we
Do make thee King of our affection,
King of our Loue, a paſſion borne moſt free,
And moſt vn-ſubiect to dominion:
And know, that *England* which in that degree
Can loue, with ſuch a true deuotion
Thoſe that are leſſe than Kings, to thee muſt bring
More Loue, who art ſo much more than a King.

6

And King of this great Nation, populous,
Stout, valiant, powrefull, both by Sea and Land,
Attemptiue, able, worthy, generous,
Which ioyfully imbraces thy command:
A people tractable, obſequious,
Apt to be faſhion'd by thy glorious hand
To any forme of honor, t any way
Of high attempts, thy vertues ſhall aſſay.

7

A people ſo inur'd to peace, ſo wrought
To a ſucceſsiue courſe of quietneſſe,
As th'haue forgot (and O b'it ſtill forgot,)
The nature of their ancient ſtubbornneſſe;
Time altred hath the forme, the meanes, and brought
The ſtate to that proportion'd euenneſſe,
As t'is not like againe t'will euer come
(Being vſde abroad) to draw the ſword at home.

This

8

This people, this great Stare, these hearts adore
Thy Scepter now, and now turne all to thee,
Toucht with as powrefull zeale, and if not more,
(And yet O more, how could there euer be
Than vnto her, whom yet we doe deplore
Amidst our Ioy?) And giue vs leaue if we
Reioyce and mourne, that cannot without wrong,
So soone forget her, we enioyde so long.

9

Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we hold
True after death, and bring not this respect
To a new Prince from hating of the old;
Or from desire of change, or from neglect;
Whereby O mightie Sov raigne, thou art told
What thou and thine are likely to expect
From such a faith, that doth not haste to runne
Before their time, to an arising Sunne.

10

And let my humble *Muse* whom she did grace,
Begge this one grace for her that now lies dead,
That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace,
Nor that her fame become disfigured:
O let her rest in peace, that rul'd in peace,
Let not her honor be disquieted
Now after death: but let her Graue inclose
All but her good, and that it cannot close.

11

It addes much to thy glorie and our grace,
That this continued current of our loue
Runnes thus to thee, all with so swift a pace;
And that from peace to peace we do remoue,
Not as in motion put from out our place,
But in one Course, and do not seeme to moue,
But in more ioy than euer heretofore,
And well we may, since thou wilt make vs more.

12

Our Loue we see concurres with Gods great Loue,
Who onely made thy way, thy passage plaine,
Leuel'd the world for thee, did all remoue,
That might the shew but of a let retaine:
Vnbarr'd the North, humbled the South, did moue
The hearts of all, thy right to intertaine,
Held other States imbroyld, whose enuie might
Haue fostred factions to impugne thy right:

13

And all for thee, that we the more might praise
The glory of his power, and reuerence thine,
Whome he hath raisde to glorifie our dayes,
And make this Empire of the North to shine:
Against all th'impious workings, all th'assayes
Of vile disnatur'd vipers, whose designe
Was to imbroyle the state t'obscure the light,
And that cleare brightnesse of thy sacred right.

14

To whose reproach, since th'issue and successe
Doth a sufficient marke of shame returne,
Let no penne else blazon their vglinesse,
Be it inough, that God and Men do scorne
Their proiects, censures, vaine pretendences:
Let not our Children that are yet vnborne,
Finde there were any offred to contest
Or make a doubt, to haue our kingdome blesst.

15

Bury that question in th'eternall graue
Of darknesse, neuer to be seene againe,
Suffice we haue thee whom we ought to haue
And t'whom all good men knew did appertaine
Th'inheritance thy sacred birth-right gaue,
That needed no other suffrages t'ordaine
What onely was thy due, not no decree
To be made knowne, since none was knowne but thee.

16

Witneſſe the ioy the vniuerſall cheere,
The ſpeeede, the eaſe, the will, the forwardneſſe
Of all this great and ſpacious State, how deere
It held thy Title and thy worthineſſe:
Haſte could not poſte ſo ſpeedy any where,
But Fame ſeem'd there before in readineſſe,
To tell our hopes, and to proclaime thy name,
O greater then our hopes, more then thy Fame.

17

What a returne of comfort doſt thou bring
Now at this freſh returning of our blood,
Thus meeting with th'opening of the Spring,
To make our ſpirits likewiſe to imbudde?
What a new ſeaſon of incouraging
Beginnes t'inlength the dayes diſpos'd to good?
What apprehenſion of recouery
Of greater ſtrength, of more abilitie?

18

The pulſe of *England* neuer more did beate
So ſtrong as now: nor euer were our hartes
Let out to hopes ſo ſpacious and ſo great,
As now they are; nor euer in all partes,
Did we thus feele ſo comfortable heat,
As now the glory of thy worth impartes:
The whole complexion of the Common-wealth
So weake before, hop'd neuer for more health.

19

Couldſt thou but ſee from *Dower* to the Mount,
From *Totnes* to the *Orchades*, what ioy,
What cheere, what triumphs, and what deere account
Is held of thy renowne this bleſſed day,
A day which we, and ours muſt euer count
Our ſolemne feſtiuall, as well we may,
And though men thus court Kings ſtill which are new,
Yet do they more, where they finde more is due.

20

They feare the humours of a future Prince,
Who either loſt a good, or felt a bad,
But thou haſt cleer'de vs of this feare long ſince,
We know thee more, then by reporte we had,
We haue an euerlaſting euidence
Vnder thy hand, that now we neede not dread,
Thou wilt be otherwiſe in thy deſignes
Then there thou art in thoſe iudiciall lines.

21

It is the greateſt glory vpon earth
To be a King, but yet much more to giue,
The inſtitution with the happy birth
Vnto a King, and teach him how to liue:
We haue, by thee, farre more then thine owne worth,
That doth encourage, ſtrengthen, and relieue
Our hopes in the ſucceſsion of thy blood,
That like to thee, they likewiſe will be good.

22

We haue an earneſt that doth euen tie
Thy Scepter to thy word, and binds thy Crowne
(That elſe no band can binde) to ratifie
What thy religious hand hath there ſet downe,
Wherein thy all-commanding Sov'raintie
Stands ſubiect to thy Pen and thy Renowne,
There we behold thee King of thine owne hart
And ſee what we muſt be, and what thou art.

23

There great exemplare prototipe of Kings,
We finde the Good ſhal dwell within thy Court;
Plaine zeale and truth free from baſe flatterings,
Shall there be entertain'd and haue reſorte:
Honeſt diſcretion that no cunning brings,
But councells that lie right, and that import,
Is there receiu'd, with thoſe whoſe care attends
Thee, and the State, more then their priuate ends.

There

24

There grace and fauour ſhall not be diſpos'de
But by proportion, euen, and vpright,
There are no mightie mountaines interpos'de
Betweene thy beames and vs, t'imbarre thy light,
There Maieſtie liues not as if inclos'de,
Or made a prey t'apriuate benefite:
The hand of Powre deales there her owne reward,
And thereby reapes the whole of mens regard.

25

There is no way to get vp to reſpect,
But onely by the way of worthineſſe:
All paſſages that may ſeeme indirect,
Are ſtopt vp now, and there is no acceſſe
By groſſe corruption, bribes cannot effect
For th'undeſeruing any offices:
Th'aſcent is cleane, and he that doth aſcend
Muſt haue his meanes as cleane as is his end.

26

The deedes of worth and laudable deſarts,
Shall not now paſſe thorow the ſtraight report
Of an imbaſing tongue, that but imparts
What with his ends and humours ſhal comport:
The Prince himſelfe now heares, ſees, knows, what parts
Honour and Vertue acts, and in what ſort,
And thereto giues his grace accordingly,
And cheeres vp other to the like thereby.

27

Nor ſhall we now haue vſe of flatterie,
For he knowes falſehoode farre more ſutle is
Than truth; baſeneſſe than libertie,
Feare than loue, t'inuent theſe floriſhes:
And Adulation now is ſpent ſo nie
As that it hath no coulours to expreſſe
That which it would, that now we muſt be faine
T'unlearne that Art, and labour to be plaine.

28

For where there is no care to be abus'd,
None will be found that dare t'informe a wrong,
The insolent depraver stands confus'd,
The impious Atheist seemes to want a tongue,
Transform'd into the fashion that is vs'd,
All striue t'appeare like those they liue among;
And all will seeme compos'd by that same square,
By which they see, the best and greatest are.

29

Such powre hath thy example and respect
As that without a Sword, without debate,
Without a noyse,(or feeling in effect)
Thou wilt dispose, change, forme, accommodate
Thy kingdome, people, rule, and all effect,
Without the least convulsion of the State,
That this great passage and mutation, will
Not seeme a change, but onely of our ill.

30

We shall continue one, and be the same
In Law, in Iustice, Magistrate, and forme,
Thou wilt not touch the fundamentall frame
Of this Estate thy Ancestors did forme,
But with a reuerence of their glorious fame
Seeke onely the corruptions to reforme,
Knowing that course is best to be obseru'de
Whereby a State hath longest beene preseru'd.

31

A King of *England* now most graciously,
Remits the iniuries that haue beene done
T'a King of Scots, and makes his clemencie
To checke them more than his correction,
Th'annoynted blood that staind most shamefully
This ill seduced state, he lookes thereon,
With th'eye of griefe, not wrath t'auenge the same,
Since th'Authors are extinct that caus'd that shame.

32

Thus mightie riuers quietly do glide,
And doe not, by their rage their powers profeſſe;
But by their mightie workings, when in pride
Smal Torrents roare more lowde, and worke much leſſe:
Peace Greatneſſe beſt becomes: calme power doth guide
With a farre more imperious ſtatelineſſe,
Then all the force of violence can doe,
And eaſier gaines thoſe ends ſhe tends vnto.

33

Then *England*, thou haſt reaſon thus to cheare,
Reaſon to ioy, and triumph in this wiſe,
When thou ſhalt gaine ſo much, and haue no feare
To looſe aught elſe but thy deformities:
When thus thou ſhalt haue health and be ſet cleare
From all thy great infectious maladies,
By ſuch a hand that beſt knowes how to cure,
And where moſt lie thoſe griefes thou doſt indure.

34

When thou ſhalt ſee there is another grace
Then to be rich; another dignitie
Then money: other meanes for place
Then gold: wealth ſhall not now make honeſtie;
When thou ſhalt ſee the eſtimation baſe
Of that which moſt afflicts our miſery:
Without the which, elſe couldſt thou neuer ſee
Our wayes laide right, nor men themſelues to bee.

Nam vbi cupido dominatum inuaſit, neque diſciplina, neque artes bonæ, neque ingenium vllum ſatis poſſet.

35

By which improouement we ſhall gaine much more
Then by *Peru*, or all diſcoueries;
For this way to imbaſe, is to inſtore
The treaſure of the land, and make it riſe:
This is the onely key t'vnlocke the dore,
To let out plentie that it may ſuffice,
For more then all this Ile, for more increaſe
Of Subiects then, by thee, there can increaſe.

This

36

This ſhal make roome, and place inough for all,
Which other wiſe would not ſuffice a few,
And by proportion Geometricall
Shall ſo diſpoſe to all, what ſhal be due:
As that without corruption, wrangling, brawle,
Intruſion, wreſting, and by meanes vndue,
Deſert ſhall haue her charge, and but one charge,
As hauing but one body to diſcharge.

37

Whereby the all-incheering Maieſtie
Shall come to ſhine at full in all her parts,
And ſpread her beames of comfort equally,
As being all alike to like deſarts;
For thus to checke, imbaſe and vilifie
Th'eſteeme of wealth, will faſhion ſo our harts
To worthy ends, as that we ſhall by much
More, labor to be Good, then to be Rich.

38

This will make peace with *Law*, reſtore the Barre
Th'er ancient ſilence, where Contention now
Makes ſo confus'd a noyſe, this will debarre
The foſtring of debate, and ouerthrow
That ougly monſter that fowle rauener
Extortion, which ſo hideouſly did grow,
By making prey vpon our miſery,
And waſting it againe as wickedly.

39

The ſtrange examples of impou'riſhments,
Of ſacriledge, exactions, and of waſte,
Shall not be made nor held as preſidents
For times to come, but end with th'ages paſt:
Whenas the State ſhall yeeld more ſuppliments
(Being well imploy'd) then Kings can well exhauſt;
This golden meadow lying ready ſtill
Then to be mow'd, when their occaſions will.

Fauour

40

Fauour, like pitie, in the hearts of men
Haue the first touches euer violent;
But soone againe it comes to languish, when
The motiue of that humour shall be spent:
But being still fed with that which first hath beene
The cause thereof, it holds still permanent,
And is kept in, by course, by forme, by kinde,
And Time begets more ties that still more binde.

41

The broken frame of this disioynted State,
Being by the bliſſe of thy great Grandfather,
Henry the seauenth, restor'd to an estate
More sound then euer, and farre stedfaster,
Owes all it hath to him, and in that rate
Stands bound to thee that art his successor:
For without him it had not beene begunne,
And without thee, we had beene now vndone.

42

Hee, of a priuate man, became a King,
Hauing indur'd the weight of tyrannie;
Mourn'd with the world, complain'd, & knew the thing
That good men wish for in their misery
Vnder ill Kings: saw what it was to bring
Order and Forme to the recouery
Of an vnruly State: conceiu'd what cure
Would kill the cause of this distemp'rature.

43

Thou, borne a King, hast in thy State, indur'd
The sowre affronts of priuate discontent
With subiects broiles; and euer beene inur'd
To this great mystery of gouernment:
Whereby thy Princely wisedome hath allur'd
A State to peace, left to thee turbulent;
And brought vs an addition to the frame
Of his great worke, squar'd fitly to the same.

And,

44

And, both you (by the all-working prouidence
That fashions out of dangers, toyles, debates,
Those whom it hath ordained to commence
These first, and great establishments of States)
Came when your aide, your powers experience
(Which out of iudgement best accommodates
These ioynts of rule) was more then most desir'd,
And when the times of need the most requir'd.

45

And as he lay'd the modell of this frame,
By which was built so strong a worke of State,
As all the powers of changes in the same;
All that excesse of a disordinate
And lustfull Prince: nor all that after came,
Nor Childe, nor stranger, nor yet womens fate,
Could once disioynt the couplements, whereby
It held together in iust Symetry.

46

So thou likewise art come as fore-ordain'd
To re-inforce the same more really,
Which oftentimes hath beene but entertain'd
By th'onely stile, and name of Maiestie:
And by no other councells oft attain'd
Those ends of her inioy'd tranquilitie,
Then by this forme, and by th'incumbrances
Of neighbor states that gaue it a succesſe.

47

That hadst thou had no title (as thou hast
The onely right, and none hath else a right)
We yet must now haue beene inforcede t'haue cast
Our selues into thy armes, to set all right;
And to auert confusion, blood-shed, waste,
That otherwise vpon vs needes must light:
None but a King, and no King else beside
Could now haue sau'd this State from being destry'd.

48

Thus hath the hundreth yeare brought backe againe
The ſacred bloud lent to adorne the North,
And here return'd it with a greater gaine,
And greater glory than we ſent it forth:
Thus doth th'all-working Prouidence retaine,
And keepe for great effects the ſeede of worth,
And ſo doth point theſe ſtops of time thereby,
In periods of vncertaine certainty.

It is iuſt a hundred yeares ſince the Lady Margaret was married to IAMES *the Fourth, King of Scots.*

49

Margaret of *Richmond* (glorious Grandmother
Vnto that other precious *Margaret*,
From whence th'Almightie worker did transferre
This branch of peace, as from a roote well ſet)
Thou mother, author, plotter, Councellor
Of vnion, that didſt both conceiue, beget,
And bring forth happineſſe to this great State,
To make it thus intirely fortunate:

50

O couldſt thou now but view this faire ſucceſſe,
This great effect of thy religious worke,
And ſee therein how God hath pleas'd to bleſſe
Thy charitable Councels, and to worke
Still greater good out of the bleſſednеſſe
Of this conioyned *Lancaſter* and *Yorke*:
Which all conioyn'd within, and thoſe ſhut out,
Whom nature and their birth had ſet without.

51

How much haſt thou bound all poſteritiеs
In this great worke, to reuerence thy name?
And with thee, that religious, faithfull, wiſe,
And learned *Mowton* who contriu'd the ſame,
And firſt aduis'd, and did ſo well aduiſe,
As that the good ſucceſſe that thereof came,
Shewd wel, that holy hands, cleane thoughts, cleare harts
Are onely fit to act ſuch glorious parts.

52

But *Muſe*, theſe deare remembrances muſt be
In their conuenient places regiſtred,
When thou ſhalt bring ſterne Diſcord to agree,
And bloody warre vnto a quiet Bed:
Which worke muſt now be finiſhed by thee:
That long hath layne vndone, as deſtined
Vnto the glory of theſe dayes, for which
Thy vowes and verſe haue laboured to much.

53

Thou euer haſt oppoſed all thy might
Againſt contention, fury, pride and wrong,
Perſwading ſtil to hold the courſe of right,
And Peace hath beene the burthen of thy Song,
And now thy ſelfe ſhalt haue the benefite
Of quietneſſe which thou haſt wanted long,
And now ſhalt haue calme peace, and vnion,
With thine owne warres, and now thou muſt go on.

54

Onely the ioy of this ſo deare a thing
Made me looke backe vnto the cauſe, whence came
This ſo great good, this bleſsing of a King,
When our eſtate ſo much requir'd the ſame,
When we had neede of powre for the well-ord'ring
Of our affaires: neede of a Spirite to frame
The world to Good, to Grace and worthineſſe,
Out of this humour of Luxuriouſneſſe.

55

And bring vs backe vnto our ſelues againe,
Vnto our ancient natiue modeſtie,
From out theſe forraine ſinnes vve entertaine,
This loathſome ſurfets ougly Gluttony,
From this vnruly and this idle vaine
Of wanton and ſuperfluous bravery,
The wracke of Gentry, ſpoile of Nobleneſſe,
And ſpare vs by thy temp'rate Sobemeſſe.

When

56

When Abstinence is fashion'd by the Time,
It is no rare thing to be abstinent;
But then it is, when th'Age full fraught with crime
Lies prostrate vnto all misgovernment:
And who is not licencious in the prime
And heate of youth, nor then incontinent
When out of might he may, he never wil;
No power can tempt him to the taste of ill.

57

Then what are we t'expect from such a hand
That doth this sterne of faire example guide?
Who will not now shame to haue no command
Ouer his lusts? Who would be seene t'abide
Vnfaithful to his vowes; to infringe the band
Of a most sacred knot which God hath tide?
Who would now seeme to be dishonoured
With th'uncleane touch of an vnlawfull bedde?

58

What a great checke wil this chaste Court be now
To wanton Courts debaucht with Luxurie?
Where we no other Mistresses shall know
But her to whom we owe our loyaltie:
Chaste Mother of our Princes whence doe grow
Those righteous issues, which shall glorifie
And comfort many Nations with their worth,
To her perpetuall grace that brought them forth.

59

We shall not feare to haue our wives distain'd,
Nor yet our Daughters violated here
By an Imperiall lust, that being vntain'd
Will hardly be resisted any where.
Hee will not be betraid with eafe, nor train'd
With idle rest, in soft delights to weare
His time of life. But knowes whereto he tends,
How worthy mindes are made for worthy ends.

60

And that this mighty worke of vnion now
Begunne with glory, must with grace run on
And so be clos'd, as all the ioynts may grow
Together firme in due proportion;
A worke of power and iudgement that must shew
All parts of wisdome, and discretion
That man can shew: that no clowd may impaire
This day of hope, whose morning shewes so faire.

61

He hath a mightie burthen to sustaine
Whose fortune doth succeed a gracious Prince,
Or where mens expectations intertaine
Hopes of more good, and more beneficence:
But yet he vndergoes a greater paine,
A more laborious worke, who must commence
The great foundation of a Gouernement,
And lay the frame of order, and content.

62

Especially where mens desires do runne
A greedy course of eminencie, gaine,
And priuate hopes; weighing not what is done
For the Republicke, so themselues may gaine
Their ends, and where few care who be vndone,
So they be made, whil'st all do entertaine
The present motions that this passage brings
With th'infancie of change, vnder new Kings.

63

So that the weight of all seemes to rely
Wholy vpon thine owne discretion,
Thy iudgement now must only rectifie
This frame of pow're, thy glory stands vpon:
From thee must come, that thy posterity
May ioy this Peace, and hold this vnion:
For whil'st all worke for their owne benefite,
Thy only worke must keepe vs all vpright.

64

For did not now thy full maturitie
Of yeares and wisedome, that discerne what shewes,
What arte, and colours, may deceiue the eye,
Secure our trust that that cleere iudgement knowes
Vpon what grounds depend thy Maiestie,
And whence the glory of thy greatnesse growes,
We might distrust least that a side might part
Thee from thy selfe, and so surprize thy hart.

65

Since th'arte but one, and that against thy breast
Are laide all th'ingins both of Skil and Wit
And all th'assaults of Cunning are addrest
With stratagems of Arte to enter it:
To make a prey of grace, and to inuest
Their powres within thy loue, that they might sit,
And stirre that way which their affection tends,
Respecting but themselues, and their owne ends.

66

And see'ng how difficult a thing it is
To rule, and what strength is requir'd to stand,
Against all the'interplac'd respondences
Of combinations, set to keepe the hand
And eye of power from out the prouinces,
That Auarice may draw to her command,
Which, to keepe hers, the others vowes to spare,
That they againe to her might vse like care.

67

But God that rais'd thee vp to act this parte,
Hath giuen thee all those powers of worthinesse,
Fit for so great a worke, and fram'd thy hart
Discernible of all apparences:
Taught thee to know the world, and this great Art
Of ord'ring man, *Knowledge of Knowledges*,
That from thee, men might reckon how this State
Became restor'd, and was made fortunate.

68

That thou the first, with vs, in name, might'st be
The first in course, to fashion vs anew,
Wherein the times hath offred that to thee,
Which seldome t'other princes could accrew:
Thou hast th'aduantage onely to be free,
T'imploy thy fauours where they shall be dew,
And to dispose thy grace in generall,
And like to *Ioue*, to be alike to all.

Est Iupiter omnibus idem.

69

Thy fortune hath indebted thee to none,
But t'all thy people vniuersally,
And not to them, but for their loue alone,
Which they account is placed worthily:
Nor wilt thou now frustrate their hopes, whereon
They rest, nor they faile in their loyaltie;
Since no Prince comes deceiued in his trust,
But hee that first deceiues, and prooues vniust.

70

Then since we are in this so faire a way
Of Restauration, Greatnesse and Command,
Curs'd be hee that causes the least stay
In this faire worke, or interrupts thy hand,
And curs'd hee that offers to betray
Thy graces, or thy goodnesse to withstand,
Let him be held abhorr'd, and all his race
Inherite but the portion of disgrace.

71

And hee that shall, by wicked Offices,
Be th'author of the least disturbancie,
Or seeke t'auert thy godly purposes,
Be euer held the scorne of infamie:
And let men but consider their successe
Who Princes loues abus'd presumptuously,
They shall perceiue their ends doe still relate,
That sure God loues them not whom men do hate.

And

72

And it is iuſt, that they who make a prey
Of Princes fauours, in the end againe,
Be made a prey to Princes, and repay
The ſpoiles of miſerie with greater gaine;
Whoſe ſacrifices euer doe allay
The wrath of men, conceiu'd in their diſdaine:
For that their hatred proſecuteth ſtill,
More then ill Princes, thoſe that make them ill.

73

But both thy iudgement and eſtate doth free
Thee, from theſe powres of Feare and Flattery,
The conquerours of Kings, by whom we ſee
Are wrought the acts of all impietie:
Thou arte ſo ſet, as th'haſt no cauſe to be
Iealous, or dreadfull of diſloyaltie,
The pedeſtall whereon thy Greatneſſe ſtands,
Is built of all our hearts, and all our hands.

TO
SIR THO: EGERTON KNIGHT,
LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEALE OF ENGLAND.

WEll hath the powreful hand of Maiestie,
Thy worthines, and *Englands* happe beside,
Set thee in th'aidfulst roome of dignitie,
As th'*Isthmus*, these two Oceans to diuide
Of *Rigor* and confus'd *Vncertaintie*,
To keepe our th'entercourse of wrong and pride,
That they ingulph not vp vnsuccoured right
By th'extreame current of licencious might.

Now when we see the most combining band,
The strongest fasting of societie
Law, whereon all this frame of men doth stand,
Remaine concussed with vncertaintie,
And seeme to foster rather than withstand
Contention, and embrace obscuritie,
Onely t'afflict, and not to fashion vs,
Making her cure farre worse than the disease.

As if she had made couenant with Wrong,
To part the prey made on our weaknesses,
And suffred Falshood to be arm'd as strong
Vnto the combate as is Righteousnes,
Or suted her, as if she did belong
Vnto our palsions, and did euen professe
Contention, as her only mystery,
Which she restraines not, but doth multiply;

Was ſhe the ſame ſh'is now in ages paſt,
Or was ſhe leſſe when ſhe was vſed leſſe?
And growes as malice growes, and ſo comes caſt
Iuſt to the forme of our vnquietneſſe?
Or made more ſlow, the more that ſtrife ruines faſt,
Staying t'undo vs ere ſhe will redreſſe?
That th'ill ſhee checks ſeemes ſuffred to be ill,
When it yeelds greater gaine than goodneſſe will.

Muſt there be ſtill ſome diſcord mixt among
The Harmonie of men, whoſe moode accords
Beſt with Contention, tun'd t'a note of wrong,
That when war failes, peace muſt make war with words,
And b'arm'd vnto deſtruction euen as ſtrong,
As were in ages paſt our ciuill ſwordes;
Making as deepe, although vnbleeding wounds,
That when as furie failes, wiſedome confounds.

If it be wiſedome, and not cunning, this
Which ſo imbroyles the ſtate of truth with brawles,
And wrappes it vp in ſtrange confuſedneſſe
As if it liu'd immur'd within the walls,
Of hideous termes fram'd out of barbarouſneſſe
And forraine Cuſtomes, the memorials
Of our ſubiection, and could neuer be
Deliu'red but by wrangling ſubtiltie.

Whereas it dwells free in the open plaine,
Vncurious, Gentile, eaſie of acceſſe:
Certaine vnto it ſelfe, of equall vaine,
One face, one colour, one aſſuredneſſe;
It's Falſhood that is intricate, and vaine,
And needes theſe labarinths of ſubtilneſſe.
For where the cunningſt couinings moſt appeare
Ie argues ſtill that all is not ſincere.

Which

Which thy cleere ey'd experience well diſcries,
Great Keeper of the ſtate of Equitie,
Refuge of mercie, vpon whom relies
The ſuccour of oppreſſed miſerie:
Altar of ſafegarde, whereto affliction flies
From th'eger purſuite of ſeueritie:
Hauen of Peace, that labourſt to withdraw
Iuſtice, from out the tempeſts of the Law.

And ſet her in a calme and euen way,
Plaine and directly leading to redreſſe,
Barring theſe counter-courſes of delay
Theſe waſting dilatorie proceſſes:
Ranging into their right, and proper ray,
Errors, demurs, eſſoines; and trauerſes,
The heads of *Hydra* ſpringing out of death
That giues this Monſter malice ſtill new breath.

That what was made for the vtilitie
And good of man, might not be turn'd t'his hurt
To make him worſer by his remedie,
And caſt him downe, with what ſhould him ſupport:
Nor that the State of Law might looſe thereby
The due reſpect, and reu'rence of her ponte,
And ſeeme a trap to catch our ignorance
And to intangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations and our deedes,
Vnto a like infinitie arife,
As be'ng a Science, that by nature breeds
Contention, ſtrife and ambiguities:
For altercation controuerſie feeds,
And in her agitation multiplies:
The field of *Caſuell* lying all like wide,
Yealds like aduantage vnto either ſide.

Ferdinand king of Castile.

Which made the graue Castillian King deuise
A prohibition, that no Aduocate
Should be conuaid to th'Indian Colonies,
Least their new setting, shaken with debate,
Might take but slender roote, and so not rise
To any perfect growth of firme estate,
For hauing not this skill, how to contend,
Th'vnnourisht strife would quickely make an end.

The king of Hungarie.

So likewise did th'Hungarian, when he saw
These great Italian Bartolists, who were
Call'd in, of purpose to explane the Law,
Timbroyle it more, and make it much lesse cleere,
Caus'd them from out his Kingdome to withdraw
With this infestious skill some other-where:

Difficultatem facit doctrina.

Whose learning rather let men farther out,
And opened wider passages of doubt.

Seeing euen Iniustice may be regulare;
And no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions which in endlesse motion are
And th'Ordinances which are alwayes fixt.
Tenne thousand Lawes more, cannot reach so farre,
But Malice goes beyond, or liues immixt
So close with goodnesse, as it euer will
Corrupt, disguise or counterfeite it still.

And therefore did those glorious Monarchs, (who
Deuide with God the Stile of Maiestie
For being good, and had a care to do
The world right, and succour honestie)
Ordaine this sanctuarie, wherevnto
Th'oppreſt might flie, this seate of Equitie:
Whereon thy vertues fit with faire renowne,
The greatest grace and glory of the Gowne.

Which

Which *Equitie* being the ſoule of Law
The life of Iuſtice, and the Spirite of right,
D'well's not in written Lines, or liues in awe
Of Bookes; deafe powres that haue nor eares, nor ſight:
But out of well-weigh'd circumſtance doth draw
The eſſence of a iudgement requiſite:
And is that Lesbian ſquare, that building fit,
Plies to the worke, not forc'th the worke to it.

Maintaining ſtill an equall paralell
Iuſt with th occaſions of humanitie,
Making her iudgements euer liable
To the reſpect of peace and amitie:
When ſurly Law, ſterne, and vnaffable,
Cares onely but it ſelfe to ſatisfie:
And often, innocencie ſtarke defends,
As that which on no circumſtance depends.

But *Equitie* that beares an euen raine
Vpon the preſent courſes, holds in awe,
By giuing hand a little, and doth gaine
By a gentle relaxation of the Law;
And yet inviolable doth maintaine
The end whereto all conſtitutions draw;
Which is the well-fare of ſocietie
Conſiſting of an vpright pollicie.

Which firſt being by Neceſsitie compos'd,
Is by Neceſsitie maintain'd in beſt eſtate,
Where, whenas Iuſtice ſhal be ill diſpos'd
It ſickens the whole body of the State:
For if there be a paſſage once diſclos'd
That Wrong may enter at the ſelfe-ſame gate
Which ſerues for Right, cladde in a coate of Law,
What violent diſtempers may it draw?

And therefore doſt thou ſtand to keepe the way,
And ſtoppe the courſe that malice ſeekes to runne
And by thy prouident *Iniunctions* ſtay
This neuer ending Altercation;
Sending contention home, to th'end men may
There make their peace, whereas their ſtrife begun:
And free theſe peſtred ſtreets they vainely weare
Whom both the State, and theirs, do need elſewhere.

Leſt th'humor which doth thus predominate
Conuert vnto it ſelfe all that it takes;
And that the law grow larger then debate,
And come t'exceede th'affaires it vndertakes:
As if the onely Science of the State
That tooke vp all our wits for gaine it makes;
Not for the good that thereby may be wrought
Which is not good if it be dearely bought.

A remedie for defending ill cauſes.

What ſhall we thinke when as ill cauſes ſhall
Inrich men more, and ſhall be more deſir'd
Then good, as farre more beneficiall?
Who then defends the good? who will be hir'd
To intertaine a right, whoſe gaine is ſmall?
Vnleſſe the Aduocate that hath conſpir'd
To pleade a wrong, be likewiſe made to runne
His Clients chaunce, and with him be vndunne.

So did the wiſeſt nations euer ſtriue
To binde the hands of Iuſtice vp ſo hard,
That leſt ſhe falling to prooue Lucratiue
Might baſely reach them out to take reward:
Ordaining her prouiſions fit to liue
Out of the publike as a publike Guard
That all preſerues, and all doth entertaine,
Whoſe end is onely glory, and not gaine.

That eu'n the Scepter which might all command,
Seeing her s' vnpartiall, equall, regulare,
Was pleas'd to put it selfe into her hand;
Whereby they both grew more admired farre.
And this is that great blessing of this land,
That both the Prince and people vse one Barre,
The Prince, whose cause, (as not to be withstood)
Is neuer badde but where himselfe is good.

This is that Ballance which committed is
To thy most euen and religious hand;
Great Minister of Iustice, who by this
Shalt haue thy name, still gratious in this land:
This is that seale of pow're which doth impresse
Thy Acts of right, which shall for euer stand:
This is that traine of State, that pompously
Attends vpon thy reu'rent dignitie.

All glory else besides, ends with our breath,
And mens respects scarse brings vs to our graue:
But this of doing good, must out-liue Death,
Aud haue a right out of the right it gaue:
Though th'act but few, th'example profiteth
Thoulands, that shall thereby a blessing haue.
The worlds respect growes not but on desarts,
Powre may haue knees, but Iustice hath our harts.

TO

THE LORD HENRY HOWARD,

ONE OF HIS MAIESTIES PRIVIE COVNCEL.

PRaiſe, if it be not choice, and laide aright,
Can yeeld no luſtre where it is beſtowde,
Nor any way can grace the giuers Arte,
(Tho' it be a pleaſing colour to delight,)
For that no ground whereon it can be ſhew'd
Will beare it well, but Vertue and Deſart.
And though I might commend your learning, wit,
And happy vttrance, and commend them right,
As that which decks you much, and giues you grace,
Yet your cleere iudgement beſt deſerueth it,
Which in your courſe hath caried you vpright,
And made you to diſcerne the trueſt face,
And beſt complexion of the things that breed
The reputation and the loue of men
And held you in the tract of honeſtie
Which euer in the end we ſee ſucceed,
Though oft it may haue interupted bin,
Both by the times and mens iniquitie.
For ſure thoſe actions which do fairely runne
In the right line of Honor, ſtill are thoſe
That get moſt cleane, and ſafeſt to their end,
And paſſe the beſt without confuſion,
Either in thoſe that act or elſe diſpoſe,
Hauing the ſcope made cleere whereto they tend.

When this by-path of cunning doth s'imbroile
And intricate the paſſage of affaires,
As that they ſeldome fairely can get out;
But coſt, with leſſe ſucceſſe, more care and toile
Whilſt doubt and the diſtruſted cauſe impaires
Their courage, who would elſe appeare more ſtout.
For though ſome hearts are builded ſo, that they
Haue diuers dores, whereby they may let out
Their wills abroad without diſturbancie,
Int'any courſe, and into euery way
Of humour, that affection turnes about,
Yet haue the beſt but one t'haue paſſage by.
And that ſo ſurely warded with the Guarde
Of Conſcience and reſpect, as nothing muſt
Haue courſe that way, but with the certaine paſſe
Of a perſwaſiue right, which be'ng compard
With their conceipt, muſt thereto anſwere iuſt,
And ſo with due examination paſſe.
Which kind of men, rais'd of a better frame
Are meere religious, conſtant and vpright,
And bring the ableſt hands for any'effect,
And beſt beare vp the reputation, fame
And good opinion that the Action's right,
When th'vndertakers are without ſuſpect.
But when the bodie of an enterpriſe
Shall goe one way, the face another way,
As if it did but mocke a weaker truſt,
The motion being monſtrous cannot riſe
To any good, but falls downe to bewray
That all pretences ſerue for things vniuſt.
Eſpecially where th'action will allow
Apparancie, or that it hath a courſe
Concentrike with the Vniuerſall frame
Of men combind, whom it concerneth how

Theſe motions turne and interraine their fórce,
Hauing their being reſting on the ſame.
And be it, that the vulgare are but groſſe
Yet are they capable of truth, and ſee,
And ſometimes geſſe the right, and doe conceiue
The Nature of that text, that needes a gloſſe,
And wholy neuer can deluded be,
All may a few, few cannot all deceiue.
And theſe ſtrange diſproportious in the traine
And courſe of things, do euermore proceede
From th'ill-ſet diſpoſition of their minds,
Who in their actions cannot but retaine
Th'incumbred formes which do within them breede,
And which they cannot ſhew but in their kindes.
Whereas the wayes and councells of the Light,
So ſort with valour and with manlineſſe,
As that they carry things aſſuredly
Vndazeling of their owne or others ſight:
There be'ng a bleſsing that doth giue ſucceſſe
To worthineſſe, and vnto conſtancie.
And though ſometimes th'euent may fall amiſſe,
Yet ſhall it ſtill haue honour for th'attempt,
When Craft begins with feare, and endes with ſhame,
And in the whole deſigne perplexed is.
Vertue, though luckeleſſe; yet ſhal skape contempt,
And though it hath not hap, it ſhall haue fame.

TO
THE LADY MARGARET
COVNTESSE OF CVM-
BERLAND.

HE that of ſuch a height hath built his minde,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts ſo ſtrong
As neither Feare nor Hope can ſhake the frame
Of his reſolued powres, nor al the winde
Of Vanitie or Malice, pierce to wrong
His ſetled peace, or to diſturbe the ſame,
What a faire ſeate hath he from whence hee may
The boundleſſe waſtes, and weilds of man ſuruay.

And with how free an eye doth he looke downe,
Vpon theſe lower Regions of turmoyle,
Where all theſe ſtormes of paſſions mainely beate
On fleſh and blood, where honor, power, renowne
Are onely gay afflictions, golden toyle,
Where Greatneſſe ſtands vpon as feeble feete
As Frailtie doth, and only great doth ſeeme
To little mindes, who do it ſo eſteeme.

He lookes vpon the mightieſt Monarchs warres
But onely as on ſtately robberies,
Where euermore the fortune that preuailes
Muſt be the right, the ill-ſucceeding marres
The faireſt and the beſt-fac't enterprize;
Great Pyrat *Pompey* leſſer Pyrates quailes,
Iuſtice, he ſees, as if ſeduced, ſtill
Conſpires with powre; whoſe cauſe muſt not be ill,

He ſees the face of *Right* t'appeare as manyfold
As are the paſsions of vncertaine man,
Who puts it in all coulours, all attires
To ſerue his ends, and make his courſes hold:
He ſees that let Deceit worke what it can,
Plot and contriue baſe wayes to high deſires,
That the all-guiding Prouidence doth yet
All diſappoint, and mockes this ſmoake of wit.

Nor is he moou'd with all the thunder crackes
Of Tyrants threats, or with the furly brow
Of power, that prowdly ſits on others crimes,
Chardg'd with more crying ſinnes, then thoſe he checks:
The ſtormes of ſad confuſion that may grow
Vp in the preſent, for the cumming times,
Appall not him, that hath no ſide at all
But of himſelfe, and knowes the worſt can fall.

Although his hart ſo neere allied to earth,
Cannot but pittie the perplexed State
Of troublous, and diſtreſt mortalitie,
That thus make way vnto the ougly birth
Of their owne ſorrowes, and doe ſtill beget
Affliction vpon imbecilitie:
Yet ſeeing thus the courſe of things muſt run,
He lookes thereon, not ſtrange, but as foredun.

And whilſt diſtraught Ambition compaſſes
And is incompaſt, whil'ſt as craft deceites
And is deceiu'd, whil'ſt man doth ranſack man
And builds on bloud, and riſes by diſtreſſe,
And th'inheritance of deſolation leases
To great expecting hopes, he lookes thereon
As from the ſhore of peace with vnwet eye
And beares no venture in impietie.

Thus,

Thus, Madame, fares the man that hath prepar'd
A reſt for his deſires, and ſees all things
Beneath him, and hath learn't this booke of man,
Full of the notes of frailtie, and compar'd
The beſt of glory with her ſufferings,
By whom I ſee you labour all you can
To plant your heart, and ſet your thought as neere
His glorious manſion, as your powres can beare.

Which, Madame, are ſo ſoundly faſhioned,
By that cleere iudgement that hath caried you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kinde,
As they can ſtand againſt the ſtrongeſt head
Paſsion can make, invr'd to any hew
The world can caſt, that cannot caſt that minde
Out of her forme of goodneſſe, that doth ſee
Both what the beſt and worſt of earth can bee.

Which makes, that whatſoeuer here befalles,
You in the region of your ſelfe remaine,
Where no vaine breath of th'impudent moleſts,
That hath ſecur'd within the braſen walls
Of a cleere conſcience, that without all ſtaine
Riſes in peace, in innocencie reſts:
Whilſt all what malice from without procures,
Shews her owne ougly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none reioyce more in reuenge
Then women vſe to doe, yet you well know,
That wrong is better checkt, by being contemn'd,
Then being purſu'd, leaning to him t'auenge
To whom it appertaines, wherein you ſhow
How worthily your Cleareneſſe hath condemn'd
Baſe malediction, liuing in the darke,
That at the raies of goodneſſe ſtill doth barke.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of his world, about the which
These reuolutions of disturbances
Still roule, where all th'aspects of miserie
Predominate, whose strong effects are such
As he must beare, being powrelesse to redresse,
And that vnlesse aboue himselfe he can
Erect himselfe, how poore a thing is man.

And how turmoyld they are that leuell lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselues from thence,
That neuer are at peace with their desires,
But worke beyond their yeares, and euen deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispence
With Death: that when ability expires,
Desire liues still, so much delight they haue
To carry toile, and trauaile to the graue.

Whose ends you see, and what can be the best
They reach vnto, when they haue cast the summe
And recknings of their glory, and you know
This floting life hath but this Port of rest,
A heart prepar'd that feares no ill to come:
And that mans greatnesse rests but in his show;
The best of all whose dayes consumed are,
Eyther in warre, or peace conceiuing warre.

This Concord (Madame) of a wel-tun'd minde
Hath beene so set by that all-working hand
Of heauen, that though the world hath done his worst,
To put it out, by discords most vnkinde,
Yet doth it still in perfect vnion stand
With God and Man, nor euer will be forc't
From that most sweete accord, but still agree
Equall in Fortunes inequalitie.

And this note(Madame)of your Worthines
Remaines recorded in so many Hearts
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In th'inheritance of Fame you must possesse,
You that haue built you by your great desarts,
Out of small meanes, a farre more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honoured name
Then all the gold of leaden mindes can frame.

S. D.

TO
THE LADY LVCIE, COVN-
TESSE OF BEDFORD.

THough virtue be the ſame when low ſhe ſtands
In th'humble ſhadowes of obſcuritie
As when ſhe either ſweats in martiall bands,
Or ſits in Court, clad with authoritie:
Yet Madame, doth the ſtrictneſſe of her roome
Greatly detract from her abilitie:
For as inwalld within a liuing tombe
Her handes and armes of action, labour not;
Her thoughts as if abortiue from the wombe,
Come neuer borne, though happily begot.
But where ſhe ſhath mounted in open ſight
An eminent, and ſpacious dwelling got.
Where ſhee may ſtirre at will, and vſe her might,
There is ſhe more her ſelfe, and more her owne:
There in the faire attyre of honour dight,
She ſits at eaſe and makes her glory knowne,
Applauſe attends her hands, her deedes true grace,
Her worth new-borne is ſtraight as if full growne,
With ſuch a goodly and reſpected face
Doth vertue looke, that's ſet to looke from hie,
And ſuch a faire aduantage by her place
Hath ſtate and greatneſſe to doe worthily.
And therefore well did your high fortunes meete
With her, that gracing you, comes grac't thereby,
And well was let into a houſe ſo ſweete
So good, ſo faire; ſo faire, ſo good a gueſt,
Who now remaines as bleſſed in her ſeate,

As

As you are with her residencie blesst,
And this faire course of knowledge whereunto
Your studies, learned Lady, are addrest,
Is th'onely certaine way that you can goe
Vnto true glory, to true happines:
All passages on earth besides, are so
Incumbred with such vaine disturbances,
As still we loose our rest, in seeking it,
Being but deluded with apparances.
And no key had you else that was so fit
T'vnlocke that prison of your Sex, as this,
To let you out of weakenesse, and admit
Your powers into the freedome of that blisse
That sets you there where you may ouersee
This rowling world, and view it as it is,
And apprehend how th'outsides do agree
With th'inward being of the things, we deeme
And hold in our ill-cast accounts, to be
Of highest value, and of best esteeme.
Since all the good we haue rests in the mind,
By whose proportions onely we redeeme
Our thoughts from out confusion, and do finde
The measure of our selues, and of our powres.
And that all happinesse remaines confind
Within the Kingdome of this breast of ours.
Without whose bounds, all that we looke on, lies
In others Iurisdictions, others powres,
Out of the circuit of our liberties.
All glory, honor, fame, applause, renowne,
Are not belonging to our royalties,
But t'others wills, wherein th'are onely growne.
And that vnlesse we finde vs all within,
We neuer can without vs be our owne:
Nor call it right, our life we liue in.
But a possession held for others vse,
That seeme to haue no int'rest therein.

Which we do ſo diſſeuer, parte, traduce,
Let out to cuſtome faſhion and to ſhew
As we enioy but onely the abuſe,
And haue no other Deed at all to ſhew.
How oft are we conſtrained to appeare
With other countenance then that we owe,
And be our ſelues farre off, when we are neere?
How oft are we forc't on a clowdie hart,
To ſet a ſhining face, and make it cleere.
Seeming content to put our ſelues apart,
To beare a part of others weakneſſes:
As if we onely were compos'd by Arte,
Not Nature, and did all our deedes addreſſe
T'opinion, not t'a conſcience what is right:
As fram'd b'example, not aduiſedneſſe
Into thoſe formes that intertaine our ſight.
And though Bookes, Madame, cannot make this minde,
Which we muſt bring apt to be ſet aright,
Yet do they rectifie it in that kinde,
And touch it ſo, as that it turnes that way
Where iudgement lies: And though we cannot finde
The certaine place of truth, yet doe they ſtay,
And intertaine vs neere about the ſame.
And giue the Soule the beſt delights that may
Encheere it moſt, and moſt our ſpirits inflame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends.
And therefore in a courſe that beſt became
The cleereneſſe of your heart, and beſt commends
Your worthy powres, you runne the righteſt way
That is on Earth, that can true glory giue,
By which when all conſumes, your fame ſhal liue.

To

TO
THE LADY ANNE
CLIFFORD.

VNto the tender youth of thoſe faire eyes
The light of iudgement can ariſe but new
And yong the world appeares t'a yong conceit,
Whilſt thorow th'vnacquainted facultïes
The late inueſted ſoule doth rawly view
Thoſe Obiects which on that diſcretion waite.
Yet you that ſuch a faire aduantage haue,
Both by your birth, and happy powres t'out-go,
And be before your yeares, can fairely gueſſe
What hew of life holdes ſureſt without ſtaine,
Hauing your well-wrought hart full furniſht ſo
With all the images of worthineſſe,
As there is left no roome at all t'inueſt
Figures of other forme but Sanctitie:
Whilſt yet thoſe cleane-created thoughts, within
The Garden of your innocencies reſt,
Where are no notions of deformitie
Nor any dore at all to let them in.
With ſo great care doth ſhee, that hath brought forth
That comely body, labour to adorne
That better parte, the manſion of your minde,
With all the richeſt furniture of worth,
To make y'as highly good as highly borne,
And ſet your vertues equall to your kinde.
She tells you how that honour onely is
A goodly garment put on faire defarts,
Wherin the ſmalleſt ſtaine is greateſt ſeene,

And

And that it cannot grace vnworthineſſe;
But more apparant ſhewes defectiue partes,
How gay ſoeuer they are deckt therein.
She tells you too, how that it bounded is,
And kept incloſed with ſo many eyes,
As that it cannot ſtray and breake abroade
Into the priuate wayes of careleſſeneſſe,
Nor euer may deſcend to vulgarize,
Or be below the ſphere of her abode.
But like to thoſe ſupernall bodies ſet
Within their Orbs, muſt keep the certaine courſe
Of order, deſtin'd to their proper place;
Which only doth their note of glory get.
Th'irregulare apparances inforce
A ſhort reſpect, and periſh without grace.
Being Meteors ſeeming hie, but yet low plac't,
Blazing but while their dying matters laſt,
Nor can we take the iuſt height of the minde,
But by that order which her courſe doth ſhew:
And which ſuch ſplendor to her actions giues,
And thereby men her eminencie finde,
And thereby only do attaine to know
The Region, and the *Orbe* wherein ſhe liues.
For low in th'aire of groſſe vncertaintie,
Cofuſion onely rowles, Order fits hie.
And therefore ſince the deareſt thing on earth,
This honour, Madame, hath his ſtately frame
From th'heau'nly order, which begets reſpect,
And that your nature, vertue, happy birth,
Haue therein highly interplac'd your name,
You may not runne the leaſt courſe of neglect.
For where, not to obſerue, is to prophane
Your dignitie, how carefull muſt you be
To be your ſelfe, and though you may to all
Shine faire aſpects, yet muſt the vertuous gaine

The beſt effects of your benignitie:
Nor muſt your common graces cauſe to fall
The price of your eſteeme t'a lower rate,
Then doth befit the pitch of your eſtate.
Nor may you build on your ſufficiency,
For in our ſtrongeſt partes we are but weake,
Nor yet may ouer-much diſtruſt the ſame,
Leſt that you come to checke it ſo thereby,
As ſilence may become worſe than to ſpeake;
Though ſilence women neuer ill became.
And none, we ſee, were euer ouerthrowne
By others flattery more than by their owne.
For though we liue amongſt the tongues of praiſe
And troopes of ſoothing people, that collaud
All that we do, yet t'is within our harts
Th'ambuſhment lies, that euermore betraies
Our iudgements, when our ſelues become t'applaud
Our owne abilitie, and our owne parts.
So that we muſt not onely fence this forte
Of ours, againſt all others fraud, but moſt
Againſt our owne, whoſe danger is the moſt,
Becauſe we lie the neereſt to doe hurt,
And ſoon'ſt deceiue our ſelues, and ſoon'ſt are loſt
By our beſt powres that do vs moſt tranſport.
Such are your holy bounds, who muſt conuay
(If God ſo pleaſe) the honourable bloud
Of *Clifford*, and of *Ruſſell*, led aright
To many worthy ſtemmes whoſe off-ſpring may
Looke backe with comfort, to haue had that good
To ſpring from ſuch a branch that grew s'vpright;
Since nothing cheeres the heart of greatneſſe more
Then th'Anceſtors faire glory gone before.

To Henry Wriothesly Erle

Of Southampton.

Non fert vllum ijsdem illusa felicitas.

HE who hath neuer warr'd with misery,
Nor euer tugg'd with Fortune, and Distresse
Hath had n'occasion nor no field to trie
The strength and forces of his worthinesse:
Those partes of iudgement which felicitie
Keepes as conceal'd, affliction must expresse;
And only men shew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had neuer taken so full note
Of what thou arte, hadst thou not beene vndone,
And onely thy affliction hath begot
More fame then thy best fortunes could haue done:
For euer by aduersitie are wrought
The greatest workes of admiration,
And all the faire examples of renowne,
Out of distresse and misery are growne.

Mutius the fire, the torturs *Regulus*,
Did make the miracles of Faith and Zeale:
Exile renown'd, and Grac'd *Rutilius*:
Imprisonment, and Poyson did reueale.
The worth of *Socrates*: *Fabricius*
Pouertie did grace that Common-weale
More then all *Syllas* riches got with strife,
And *Catoes* death did vie with *Cæsars* life.

To Th'Erle Of Sovth

Not to b'vnhappy is vnhappineſſe;
And miſerie not t'haue knowne miſery:
For the beſt way vnto diſcretion is
The way that leads vs by aduerſitie:
And men are better ſhew'd what is amiſſe,
By th'expert finger of Calamitie,
Then they can be with all that Fortune brings,
Who neuer ſhewes them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'ſt haue indur'd
With a repoſed cheere, wrong and diſgrace,
And with a heart and countenance aſſur'd
Haue lookt ſterne Death, and Horror in the face?
How ſhould we know thy ſoule had bin ſecur'd
In honeſt counſels, and in wayes vnbaſe?
Hadſt thou not ſtood to ſhew vs what thou wert,
By thy affliction, that deſcride thy heart.

It is not but the Tempeſt that doth ſhew
The Sea-mans cunning, but the ſtedfaſt true
The Captaines courage, and we come to know
Beſt what men are, in their worſt ieoperdies:
For lo, how many haue we ſeene to grow
To hie renowne from loweſt miſeries,
Our of the hands of death, and ſharp'ſt ouerthrowes
That haue bin vndone, had they not bin vndone.

He that indures for what his conſcience knowes
Not to be ill, doth from a patience riſe
Looke, onely on the cauſe whereto he owes
Thoſe ſufferings, not on his miſeries;
The more h'indures, the more his glory growes,
Which neuer growes from imbecilities;
Onely the beſt compos'd and valiant'ſt hearts,
God ſets to act the hardeſt and conſtant'ſt parts.

DE AVSPICATISSIMA INAVGVRATIONE.

IACOBI PRIMI OMNIVM BRITANNIARVM REGIS.

Concilium deorum.

Scilicet is ſuperûm labor eſt, ea cura Tonantem
Sollicitat Reges in Regna locare, tueri.

Theocrit. Δίι κρονίωνι μέλονται
Ἀλλοίᾳ βασιλῆος.

Ioui cura eſt venerandi
Principis.

Auctore D. Sanclaro, Profeſſ. R. Mathematico.

PARISIIS,
Apud DANIELEM GVILLEMOT, Typographum,
M. D. C. III.